



Soldier and Marine

SOLDIER and MARINE

10¢

NO. 11



comics

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

MAKE BIG MONEY

WITH FAST-SELLING WARM MASON LEATHER JACKETS

JUST 2 SALES DAILY IN SPARE HOURS
BRING YOU UP TO \$217 EXTRA A MONTH!

Rush Coupon for FREE Selling Outfit!

I want to put in your hands an exciting business that will bring you a handsome extra income every month! It won't cost you a cent, because I'm going to furnish everything you need to start making money the very first day.

You'll be amazed how quickly orders come! Start with friends, relatives, fellow workers. EVERYBODY wears shoes . . . and watch men go for handsome new Mason jackets! Actually, just 2 easy orders a day in spare hours will make you up to \$217 extra income a month! Full time men make up to \$1,248 a month on just 10 sales a day!

As our man in your community you will be able to show 174 different styles in dress, sport, work shoes for men and women . . . plus a complete line of fast-selling jackets. And here's exciting news: we do not sell our Nationally-advised products in stores. The demand can be filled ONLY by YOU! Customers must keep coming to you to buy new shoes and jackets! That "exclusive" should keep your pockets filled with exciting cash profits!

SHOE AND LEATHER JACKET ARE BOTH
LINED WITH WARM SHEEPSKIN!



MAKE DOUBLE PROFITS WITH SPECIAL 2-IN-1 COMBINATION SALES!

Here's the biggest money-maker we have ever featured! It will be available to people in your community only if they buy from YOU! The non-suff Horsehide leather jacket is lined with genuine Sheepskin. There's a fur collar, too! The matching work shoe is also warmly lined with fleece and has built-in Velvet-ez Air Cushion innersoles . . . oil-resisting Neoprene outsoles, and leather storm welt. You get DOUBLE profits on each combination you sell! Just show this to truck drivers, milkmen, postmen, cab drivers, gas station, garage, construction and railroad men . . . anyone who works outdoors, and watch them fill your pockets with cash!

You also feature jackets made of Pony Horsehide leather, fine Capeskin leather, luxurious Suede leather, Nylon, Gabardine, 100% Wool . . . men's raincoats, too! And these EXTRA features bring quick orders:

- Warm, cozy linings of wooly fleece! Also Quilted and Rayon linings!
- Laskin Lamb waterproof, non-matting fur collars!
- Knitted Wristlets!
- Especially treated leathers that resist scuffing and peeling!
- Zipper Fronts!
- Extra-Large pockets!
- Large variety of colors!

SPECIAL FEATURES MAKE MONEY FOR YOU THE FIRST DAY!

More and more people are switching to the Mason way of buying shoes! Here's why: (1) You feature far more styles than the ordinary store; (2) You feature an amazing range of sizes (2½-15) and widths (AAAA-EEEE); (3) You draw on our huge stock of over 200,000 pairs. Thus you're never "out" of a style, size or width. You don't have to substitute, and you save customers hours of shopping! (4) You feature exclusive Velvet-ez Air Cushion innersoles. These foamy-soft cushions are a blessing for people who work long hours on their feet . . . just like "walking on air"!

Now, I want you to start making real money in this exciting business right away. So rush that coupon TODAY. By return mail you'll get everything you need to start making cash profits the very first day!

SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. MA-461
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co.
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

I want to start this exciting Mason Shoe & Jacket business right away! Please rush everything I need to start making big cash profits from the very first day! Also send full details of how I can get special Golden Anniversary PRIZES!

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____



COLUMBIA "TRU-FIT"
DIAMOND RING SETS!



COCKER PUPPIES,
CASES OF IDEAL
DOG FOOD!

ROTTIS-O-MATS
COOK
BETTER
7 WAYS!



HAPPINESS TOUR FOR
2 THROUGH FLORIDA!

TAPPAN
HOLIDAY
RANGES!

PLUS: RICHARD AUTOMATIC GOLD WATCHES, PFAFF SEWING MACHINE, COMPLETE FLAVOR SEAL COOKWARE SET, SET OF ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA, SENSATION POWER MOWER, KINGSTON VACUUM CLEANER, LONDON STAPLER SUIT, EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT SETS, UNIVERSAL PEN-PENCIL SETS WITH "INK-N-TROL" BALL PENS, INNER SANCTUM BILLFOLD SETS, 6-MONTH SUPPLIES OF B.V.D.'s AND MANY MORE FREE PRIZES!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin Dept. MA-461

SOLDIER AND MARINE COMICS
Published monthly by Toby Press of Conn., Inc. Executive offices and office of publication, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Application for reentry as Second Class Matter pending at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. Price per copy 10c. Subscription 12 issues \$1.20. Copyright 1954 by Toby Press of Conn., Inc. Printed in the U.S.A.

You are John Drummond of the Army of the United States, and you know that when this barrage is over there will be nothing to fear in *THIS* jungle. You aren't counting on running into.....

A BIRD OF PREY!



H-HOUR!



Your name is John Drummond and you are a part, a small part, of a force affecting a landing on the Red-held Korean coast.

... you think only, I'm **LUCKY**... yessireee... lucky to be **BEHIND** those guns, and not in **FRONT** of them!



ATTENTION!! YOU MEN IN THE FIRST WAVE!



WE HIT THE BEACH WHEN THE BARRAGE LIFTS!



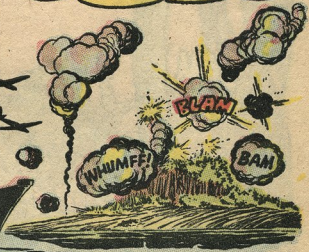
The **FIRST WAVE**—that's what the sergeant said! That's **YOU!** **YOU** are in that first wave, John Drummond!

COUGH!
COUGH!



KOF!
COUGH!
COFF!
KOF!

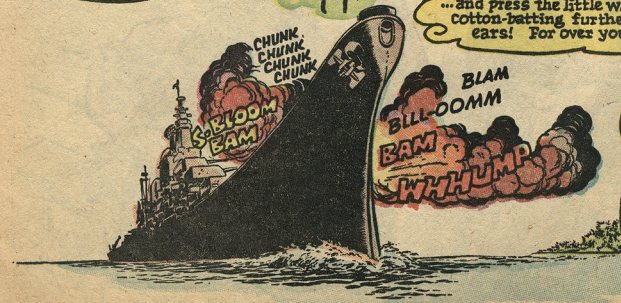
The rank smell of cordite seeps into your nostrils, but you're hardly conscious of the gunsmoke...





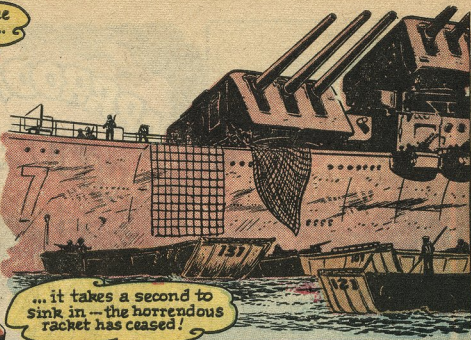
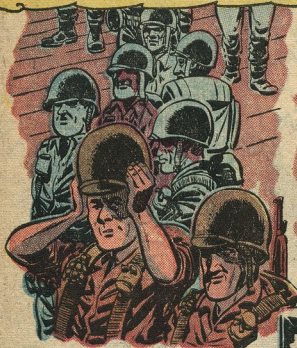
Take off your helmet momentarily.
John Drummond...

...and press the little wads of white cotton-batting further into your ears! For over your head...



... The ship's guns are still speaking, and the guns talk loud! Strong indeed, John Drummond, are the throats of the 16-inchers, and vicious is the steel they spit at the wooded shore!

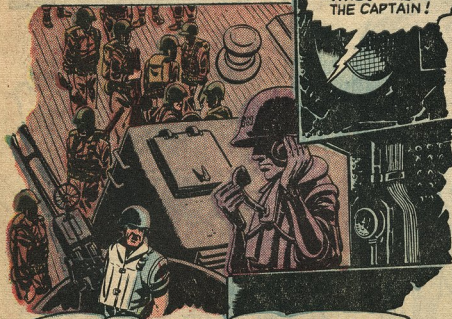
Suddenly, John Drummond, you realize there's a different **FEEL** to the air, and...



... it takes a second to sink in -- the horrendous racket has ceased!

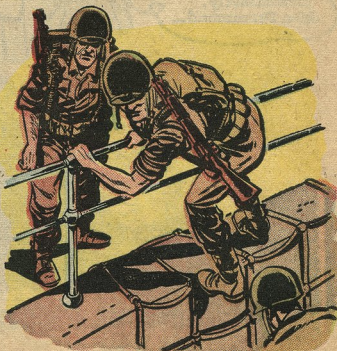
NOW HEAR THIS! THIS IS THE CAPTAIN!

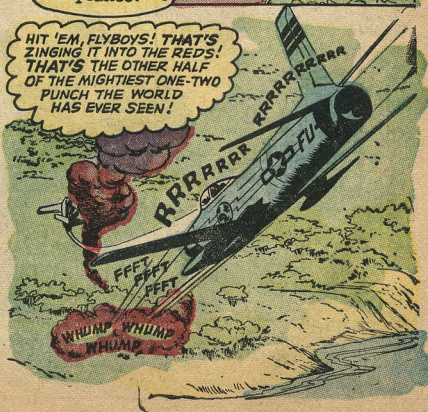
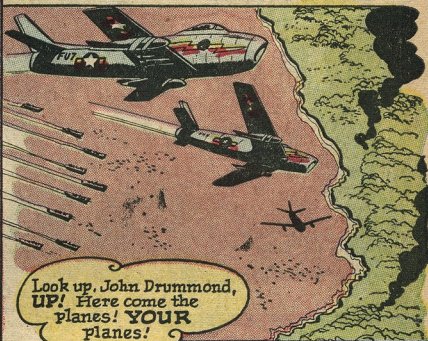
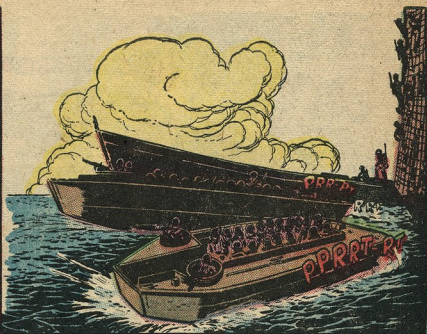
WE'VE THROWN OUR SUNDAY PUNCH, MEN! THE REST IS --



... **UP TO YOU! GOOD LUCK!**

THIS IS IT, MEN! LET'S GET THAT LCVP LOADED!







THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT NOW --- NOT A **THING!** THIS SHORE IS A REGULAR **MUSH!** THAT WAS **SOME softening up!**



And so you come from the water onto the reeking beach and you cross over the bodies of the **ONLY** Reds that are **GOOD** Reds! You gain the safety of the covering woods without a shot being fired at you at all. And you think: **Why, this is a lead-pipe cinch! This position will be secured by sundown, the action over by nightfall!**

So you continue, John Drummond, you continue on into the jungle...

WHY, THIS IS LIKE A PICNIC --- NO, NOT A PICNIC! IT'S LIKE... WELL, IT'S LIKE A WALK IN THE PARK! EXACTLY LIKE IT!



OF COURSE, WALKING IN THE PARK, YOU DON'T HAVE SIXTY-TWO POUNDS OF EQUIPMENT ON YOUR BACK, AND TWELVE POUNDS OF RIFLE IN YOUR HANDS. BUT THAT'S A MERE DETAIL!



Here your mood changes, and you say to yourself: You're alone in the jungle now, John Drummond -- the JUNGLE! Better wait for your buddies! Better slow up a little!

You pause briefly. Then... Slow up? But... WHY? Why SHOULD you? The Reds are dead in the jungle!



BUT THERE ARE OTHER DANGERS IN A JUNGLE, JOHN DRUMMOND, JUNGLE ANIMALS -- MOUNTAIN LIONS, COUGARS, WILD DOGS!

ANIMALS? THAT'S A LAUGH! IF THERE WERE, THEY'VE EITHER BEEN KILLED BY THE BARRAGE, OR DRIVEN OFF BY IT, LIKE THE REDS! AND ANYWAY, THAT'S KID STUFF -- BELIEVING THAT A JUNGLE IS FULL OF ANIMALS! WHY, THERE NEVER WERE ---



...MANY ANIMALS IN ANY JUNGLE --- THEY CAN'T SEE TO KILL FOR FOOD OR TO RUN AWAY FROM BEING KILLED FOR FOOD, SO THEY CHOOSE THE MORE OPEN WOODS. NO MATTER HOW THE MOVIES MAKE IT OUT, THE JUNGLE IS MOSTLY PLANTS. OH, THERE MAY BE ...

... A BRIGHT, RED-PLUMED BIRD OR TWO IN A TREE ...



... BUT WHAT'S THERE TO FEAR FROM A BIRD IN A TREE?



BUT there's one **BIRD** in one tree, John Drummond, that you'd better take a closer look at! Now there's one that somehow survived the barrage!

You don't notice *THIS* bird, do you, John Drummond? His plumage is *RED*, too, but not the kind of red you can SEE...

...any more than you can see the rifle he's squinting down!

This bird would have fled when the barrage started, too, but his great belief in the Red cause kept him in that tree...

...his great belief, and the *CHAINS* the fleeing Commissar used to keep that great belief from waning!

You don't *see* this bird at all, John Drummond, but soon you *HEAR* him! Soon you hear this bird's cry!

P-TADUW!

SPAT!



When out of nowhere, a slug suddenly slaps at you, you throw yourself flat because that's the way you've been trained to act under sniper fire and your reflexes are automatic...



...and you roll over several times to get away from where you fell...



... you don't even PANIC... at least, not until some more frantic, searching bullets smite the spot you just vacated! Then...



You know -- yes indeed, John Drummond, you **KNOW** that when a sniper in a tree fires at a man below, he has to kill him with his first shot. Because **NOW** the sniper has committed himself, and **NOW**.....



...you shake and quake a little because you know Lady Luck is with you this day -- **THE SNIPER'S FIRST SHOT MISSED!**



...he has a man hunting **HIM!** And the sniper can't move and the man hunting him can! And **YOU** are hunting **HIM** now, John Drummond?



And so with care, with *INFINITE* care, you inch your way through your covering foliage...and...

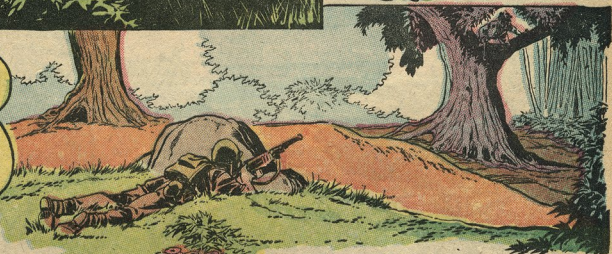


... now... ah, *THERE'S* your bird of prey!

You estimate your windage and set your elevation...



... and then you slowly bring the sights of your *M-1* up to taw, and hold your breath so your breathing won't kick your shot out of line... just so...



...and now... don't jerk the trigger... *SQUEEZE* it—gently...



You've been reminded of something this day, John Drummond — you've been reminded of something you temporarily forgot! It's never a picnic, a walk in the park. It's a job—a dirty job-- that has to be done. You'll *DO* your job. You'll be all right. Go *ON*, John Drummond. Go on and win yourself a war!

What's it take to make a hero? What is it that sets him apart from other men? Maybe you can tell! Look these six men over carefully as they disembark in Inchon, Korea! ALL but one of them are green, untried soldiers! Yet they will soon be in the thick of the fighting north of the 38th parallel, and one of them will win his nation's highest award---THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR! One of them has on him

WHAT MAKES A MARINE





ALL RIGHT, GUYS, WE'RE MOVING UP!
CLIMB IN THOSE TRUCKS! YOU FIVE WILL
GO WITH ME!

OKAY,
SARGE!



IT'S NOT BAD
ENOUGH WE HAD
TO BE COOPED UP
ON THAT TRANS-
PORT WITH THAT
CHARACTER!
NOW WE
GOTTA RIDE
IN HIS LAP
YET!

PIPE DOWN,
JABOWSKI!
YOU ONLY
THINK
YOU'VE GOT
A GRIPE!
WAIT'LL YOU
GET TO THE
FRONT!



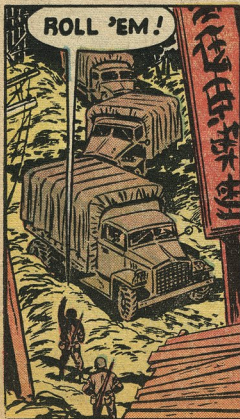
THAT CONNORS
AND HIS FRONT!
IT CAN'T BE ANY
RUGGEDER THAN
BASIC TRAINING!

OH NO,
JABOWSKI?
EVERY TIME
I THINK OF
IT I GET
GOOSE BUMPS
ALL OVER!



AW, IT CAN'T
BE AS BAD AS
THEY MAKE IT
OUT TO BE!

I JUST HOPE YOU
FIGHT AS GOOD AS
YOU **TALK**, JABOWSKI!
THE FRONT'S PLENTY
ROUGH, AND THE SOON-
ER YOU GUYS BELIEVE
IT, THE BETTER!



ROLL 'EM!



SAY, SARGE, IF A
GUY... THAT IS,
DOES IT MEAN
IF ANYTHING IF A
GUY FEELS...
WELL, WHAT
I'M GETTING
AT....

YOU'RE SCARED,
AND YOU WANT
TO KNOW IF
ANYONE ELSE
FEELS THE
SAME WAY!
THAT'S IT, ISN'T
IT, FLEMING?
WELL, DON'T FEEL
BAD! YOU GOT
PLENTY OF COMPANY,
INCLUDING **ME!**



THANKS, SARGE!
I FEEL BETTER
ALREADY!

YEAH... AND
I'LL BET THESE
OTHER GUYS
DO, TOO! DON'T
WORRY ABOUT YOUR
FIRST TIME UNDER
FIRE!

**NEAR THE FRONT THE MEN
LEAVE THE TRUCKS AND
SLOG FORWARD ON FOOT!
THE SULEN RUMBLING OF
THE ARTILLERY, THE COLD
RAIN AND COLDER MUD,
THE SOUNDS OF AGONY
FROM JOLTING AMBULANCES,
GRINDING DOWN FROM THE
LINES! THE STRAIN, THE
PITIFUL EXHAUSTION OF
THE WALKING WOUNDED!**

THIS IS WAR!



**YOU'LL
FIND OUT!**

**WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH THOSE GUYS?
I ONLY ASKED A
QUESTION!**

**MAYBE THEY DON'T
FEEL LIKE TALKING!
THEY'VE BEEN IN THE
LINES FOR SEVENTY-
TWO DAYS!**



**EXHAUSTION SETS IN AS THE
HOURS STRUGGLE BY! STILL
THE MARCH GOES ON! STILL
THE RAIN, THE MUD! THE RUMBLE
OF THE GUNS BOOMS LOUDER AS
THE FRONT COMES NEARER--AS
THE WAR COMES NEARER!
THEN.....**



**HIT THE
DITCH!**

**MEDICS!
MEDICS!**

**SOMEONE
GOT IT!**

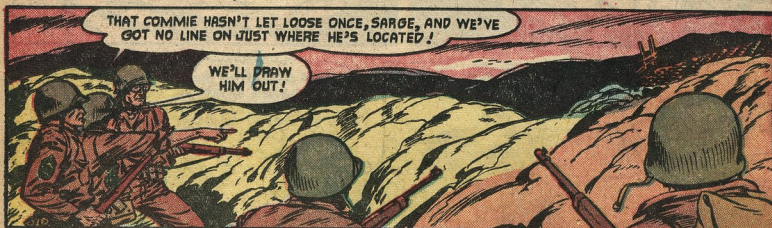
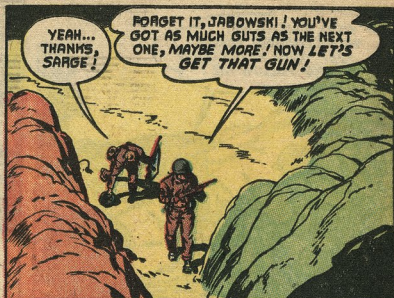


**WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT
GUN! IT'S SET UP IN THAT
SHELLED FARMHOUSE
ACROSS THE FIELD!**

**LEAD ON,
SARGE!**









THAT'S ONE GUN THAT WON'T CUT DOWN NO MORE OF OUR GUYS!

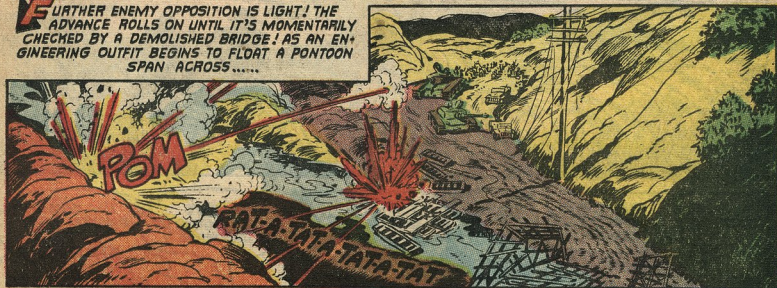
GOOD WORK, JABOWSKI!



THANKS FOR TRYING TO MAKE ME FEEL GOOD, SARGE!

KEEP ON GOING LIKE YOU ARE! YOU'LL BE OKAY!

FURTHER ENEMY OPPOSITION IS LIGHT! THE ADVANCE ROLLS ON UNTIL IT'S MOMENTARILY CHECKED BY A DEMOLISHED BRIDGE! AS AN ENGINEERING OUTFIT BEGINS TO FLOAT A PONTOON SPAN ACROSS...



WHAT'S THE SCORE, SERGEANT CONNORS?

LOOKS LIKE THEY GOT A NEST OF MACHINE GUNS SET UP ON THE CREST OF THAT HILL ACROSS THE STREAM, SIR!



IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU I'D LIKE TO TAKE FIVE OF MY BOYS AND HAVE A CRACK AT KNOCKING IT OUT!

GO AHEAD, SERGEANT, IT'S YOUR BABY!



PETERS! KLEIN! JABOWSKI! FLEMING! FERELLI! LEAVE YOUR PACKS HERE AND COME WITH ME! WE'VE GOT US A JOB OF WORK TO DO!

★ HE SARGE AND HIS SQUAD CROSS THE STREAM AND CLIMB THE HILL OPPOSITE UNTIL THEY REACH THE POINT WHERE THE FOREST GIVES WAY TO MEADOW.

I DON'T HEAR THEM GUNS HAMMERING NO MORE!

I DON'T HAVE TO HEAR 'EM TO KNOW WHERE THEY ARE! THEY'RE DUG IN JUST BELOW THE CREST OF THE HILL ABOUT TWO HUNDRED YARDS STRAIGHT OUT! I'LL SCOUT AHEAD AND HAVE A LOOK!

HE'S WAVIN' US UP!
COME ON, GUYS!

RAT-A-TAT-A-TAT-TAT-A-TAT

TAG-TAG-TAG

SARGE!

MUST...HAVE
...SPOTTED US
COMING.....

**HE'S
DEAD!**

**I WANT
GRENADES!
ALL YOU'VE
GOT!**

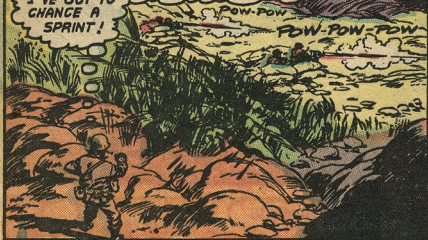
WHAT'RE
YOU GONNA DO,
JABOWSKI?

**I'M GONNA
FINISH WHAT
THE SARGE
STARTED!**
I'M GOING TO
CIRCLE THOSE REDS.
GET BEHIND THEM!
**YOU GUYS OPEN
FIRE WITH EVERY-
THING YOU'VE GOT
TO DISTRACT THEIR
ATTENTION!**

THE SERGEANT'S DEATH WIPES ALL EMOTIONS FROM JABOWSKI'S MIND, EXCEPT A COLD, DEADLY HATRED OF THE ENEMY! LIKE A HUNTING WILD ANIMAL, HE STALKS THE HIDDEN GUN-NEST!

THIS TRY
IS FOR YOU,
SARGE!

I GOT FIFTY YARDS OF OPEN GROUND TO COVER
BEFORE I GET WITHIN THROWING RANGE!
I'VE GOT TO
CHANCE A
SPRINT!



BUT JABOWSKI IS SPOTTED
BY THE REDS!



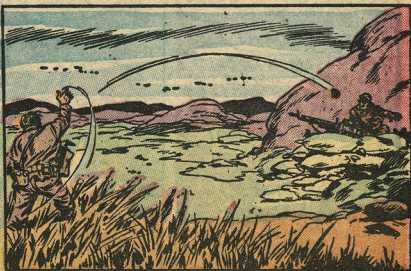
TAC TAC TAC

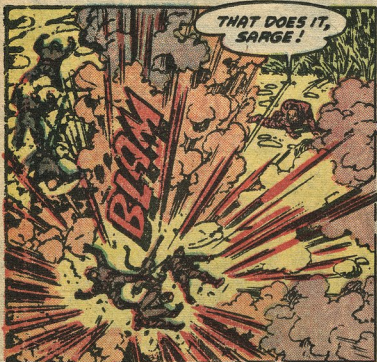
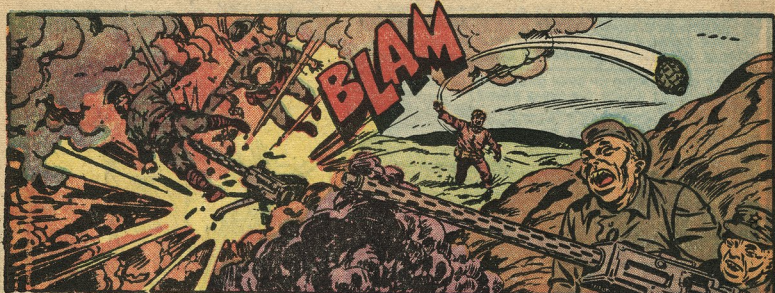
AND JABOWSKI FALLS
UNDER THE WITHERING
FIRE SCANT YARDS
FROM HIS OBJECTIVE!



RAT-A-TAT-A-TATATATA!

I GOTTA FINISH!
I GOTTA!





W ANY DAYS LATER, IN A HOSPITAL FAR FROM THE FRONT LINES, JABOWSKI RECEIVES HIS FIRST VISITORS!

WE THOUGHT YOU WERE GONNA DIE! NOW WE NOT ONLY GOT US A HERO, BUT A LIVE ONE! DID THEY TELL YOU YET? YOU'RE GETTIN' THE MEDAL OF HONOR!

ME, A MEDAL? FOR KNOCKING OUT THAT MACHINE GUN NEST? I DID IT FOR SARGE! I'M NO HERO! I'M JUST A GUY NAMED JABOWSKI!



I'M THE SAME GUY I ALWAYS WAS!

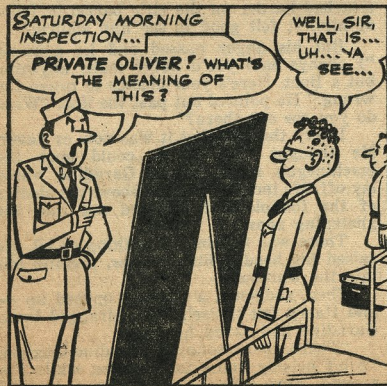
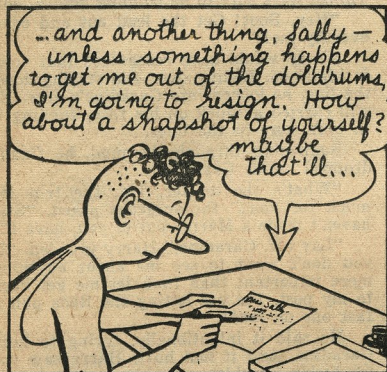
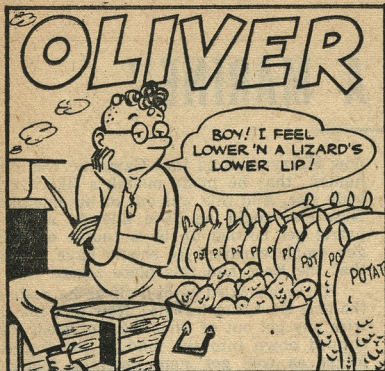
NOT QUITE, JABOWSKI! YOU'RE A HERO, AND US GUYS WHO ARE STILL ALIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT KNOW THAT BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE!



W HAT'S IT TAKE TO MAKE A HERO? WELL, THE CITATION THAT GOES WITH THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR SUMS IT UP WITH STIRRING ELOQUENCE!



...GIVEN NOT FOR THE SHEER PERFORMANCE OF DUTY, NO MATTER HOW HAZARDOUS THAT DUTY MAY BE, BUT FOR SOME VOLUNTARY ACT OF VALOR BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF MERE OBEDIENCE TO ORDERS... TO MEN WHO BRAVED DANGERS WHEN THEY WERE NOT EXPECTED TO BRAVE THEM, OVERCAME DIFFICULTIES REGARDED BY THE REST AS INSURMOUNTABLE, AND FACED DEATH WHEN IT SEEMED IT MEANT THE SACRIFICE OF THEIR OWN LIVES...



"IT TAKES A MARINE"

Harry Dutton, Pfc, looked up the line and finally saw the man he was looking for. This was the guy he hated — the guy Harry had sworn to prove wrong. Staff-Sergeant John Garadine, the roughest, toughest squad leader in the Marine Corps — the top-kick who had made him squirm through those hell-weeks at Boot Camp.

The guy who looked him in the eye that grey morning at Parris Island and said, "Dutton, you'll never make a Marine — and I'm going to prove it!"

Harry never forgave him for that crack. Not once during those eight tough weeks of training. And Garadine never let up on him. Not even once. The roughest, dirtiest details were always handed to Harry. But why did Garadine have to laugh when he handed out the details? That was something Harry couldn't figure.

"Kid," he always said, "any time this gets too rough for you, just let me know!"

Then he always smiled that knowing smile of his — the one that made Harry want to punch him right in the teeth. But somehow he managed to struggle through. He had to, because he couldn't stand having Garadine laugh at him. And he swore that he'd show Garadine that he was a Marine, as rough and tough as the rest of them — or die in the attempt.

Now, it was a long way from Parris Island. About 8,000 miles, to be exact. And a muddy ridge line somewhere in Korea was a lot different than the training fields of South Carolina. Things were a little too busy to worry if some dumb Marine sergeant still called him "Boot."

The whole squad was in this mess, pinned down by a couple of Chinese machinegun nests. Every movement, every twitch of a muscle brought down the murderous cross-fire. It was murder with a capital M. But still Harry could think only of Garadine.

He watched the sergeant as he scanned the terrain, trying to pick out the hidden nests. And though he hated Garadine, he had to admire him. His squad always took on the roughest patrols and the dirtiest jobs. But still it managed to come out on top. With a guy like Garadine goading them on, they couldn't afford to come out any place but on top!

Up until the previous night, that was. Things had been pretty good until then. But

now Harry realized that Garadine was only human, that he made mistakes like everybody else. And this was one of his mistakes. How else could he have allowed a whole patrol get bottled up by a couple of lousy gun emplacements? He should have figured that the Reds had this place zeroed in!

Harry chuckled to himself as he realized the hole Garadine was in. "Now let's see the wise guy get out of this," he mumbled, then slipped down into the mud of the foxhole. Might as well get some rest, he thought. Things were sure to be popping before long.

"Hey, Boot! Get the lead out and come over by me!"

Harry would have recognized that voice in his sleep. Rolling over and staring down the line, he looked into Garadine's eyes. He still carried a smirk on his face, rubbing it in even here in the lines.

Squirming through the mud, he finally dropped beside Garadine.

"What's the matter, kid, the trip too much for you?" the sergeant asked. "Still haven't made a Marine out of you, have I?"

"Lay off, Garadine," Harry growled. "If you don't want to see me about anything more important than that, let me get back to my post. I'm not letting the Reds pull a fast one on me!"

He said it intentionally, trying to hurt Garadine. And it had hurt. Harry saw the top-kick's knuckles go white as his hands clenched harder on the rifle barrel in front of him. It felt good to see him squirm!

But his anger passed and he grinned. "I always said you'd never make anything but a Boot. Here's your chance to prove I'm wrong." He pointed out past the line. "What do you see out there?"

Harry thought that it was now or never. He thought that if he could spot the machinegun nests, maybe Garadine would lay off. He inched his head above the shelter of the foxhole and squinted out into the glistening snow.

There was nothing — nothing at all. He raised his head a little higher, peering out into the whiteness.

Then, suddenly, a chopper opened up — and Harry felt himself being dragged back. Garadine had saved his life!

"There, there, sonny!" Garadine laughed. "Ain't nobody going to hurt you while I'm around. Now, let's see how well you learned

your lesson. What did you see out there besides snow?"

Harry shook his head. "Nothing, Garadine. Not a damn thing."

"Still haven't learned a thing, have you?" the sergeant grunted. "Boot! That's all you'll ever be — a Boot! If you'd used your eyes you would have seen that the snow in front of that bunker about 300 yards in front of us was melted. The same thing with the bunker out to the left. And that snow melted because of just one thing — the heat from machinegun bullets firing from those bunkers! Right?"

Harry didn't say anything. But he hated Garadine more than ever. There was no reason to rub it in like that — no reason at all.

"And now that we know where they are," the sergeant went on, talking to himself, trying to figure it out, "we've got to clean them out." A small thing like two machineguns wasn't going to stop the great Sergeant John Garadine!

"This is a job for two men," he said. "One tries for one nest, and the other takes the second one. Care to try it with me, Boot?"

Harry wanted to say no, but he couldn't. He said, "I'm your boy, Sarge."

"Okay, let's move out," Garadine said, and slapped Harry on the back. "Good luck, kid."

Half expecting to be ripped by machinegun slugs, Harry slithered out into the soft snow. But nothing happened. Making sure that his grenades were secure, he inched forward bit by bit . . .

Half an hour later he was within thirty feet of the objective — and still no sound from the Chinese. It was now or never! He unhooked two grenades from his belt and hefted them. The compact shrapnel felt cool to his touch. He crouched on his knees as he pulled the pins. From inside the dugout he could hear the excited chattering of the enemy. He had been spotted!

The grenades went off inside the dugout just as he hit the snow-covered ground.

Bar-room!!!

He jumped into the destroyed bunker before the smoke cleared. Nothing moved. He had taken the nest!

"Well, ain't this nice," he said, a little proud of himself. "Not a Marine, ain't I? I guess that showed him! Let Garadine try to spout off now!"

There wasn't much left of the bunker, but one of its two machineguns looked okay. Harry sat it back on its pivot and fed a belt into the chamber. It still worked!

Then he thought of Garadine, and peered out for him. Then, suddenly, the other bunker opened up. The sergeant had been spotted, and the Reds were drawing a bead on him!

Harry swung the gun around and brought the enemy into his sights. But there, blocking the way, was the struggling figure of Garadine! Harry knew he couldn't shoot without hitting him — and he was wounded — couldn't move out of the way!

The sergeant turned his head, and Harry could see the painful smile on his face.

"Hi, Boots!" he yelled. "I see you didn't forget everything I taught you! Now take care of that other bunker so my boys can move out! Hurry!"

"No!" Harry called. "I can't! You're in the way!"

"Forget about me!" Garadine boomed at him. "That's an order. Shoot!"

"But, Sarge—"

"Hit that trigger, Boots! Damn you, hit it! On the double!"

Harry didn't know what to do. He hated Garadine — or he thought he did — but he couldn't shoot him. He didn't hate anybody that much — nobody except the enemy. But Garadine had given him an order. He knew he had to follow it, and fast!

Then he got an idea. An inch — two inches — that's all he needed. That's all he needed to clear Garadine's prone body. Working feverishly, he dragged a broken beam from the bunker and propped the gun pivot on it.

"Shoot, for Pete's sake!" Garadine screamed at him. "What are you waiting for?"

Then Harry poured it into the Reds. The gun bucked and bounced in his hands, spewing slugs just inches above Garadine's body. But he didn't let up. Not until one of his bullets struck the ammo in the other emplacement and the whole place exploded!

Then he raced to Garadine's side and grabbed him in his arms. One of his legs had been chewed up and his left side was a mess. But he was smiling.

"Good deal, Boot," he said weakly. "Good deal. You just earned yourself a promotion. From now on you're on my side. You were a cocky kid when you came to me, but I turned you into a Marine!" Then he passed out.

Harry held Garadine tight, finally realizing why the grizzled top-kick had driven him the way he had. They had a war to fight, and it couldn't be fought by kids or even men. It took guts like Garadine's — the kind of guts you've got to have to be a Marine!

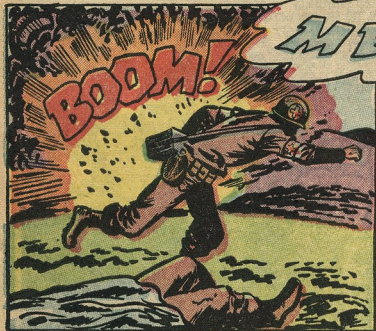
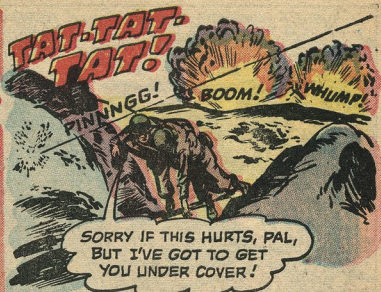
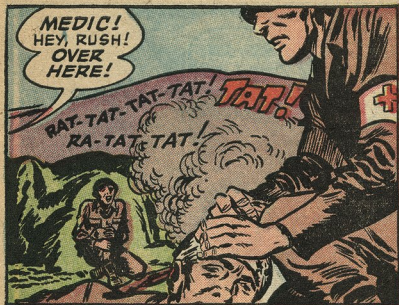
COMBAT MEDICS AREN'T SUPPOSED TO FIGHT — AT LEAST NOT WITH WEAPONS. BUT SOMETIMES THEIR COURAGE DECIDES A BATTLE — SOMETIMES THEIR PRESENCE OF MIND PROVES STRONGER THAN GUNS. THAT WAS THE CASE IN KOREA RECENTLY WHEN A MEDIC CARRIED

A PILL for PU-YI!

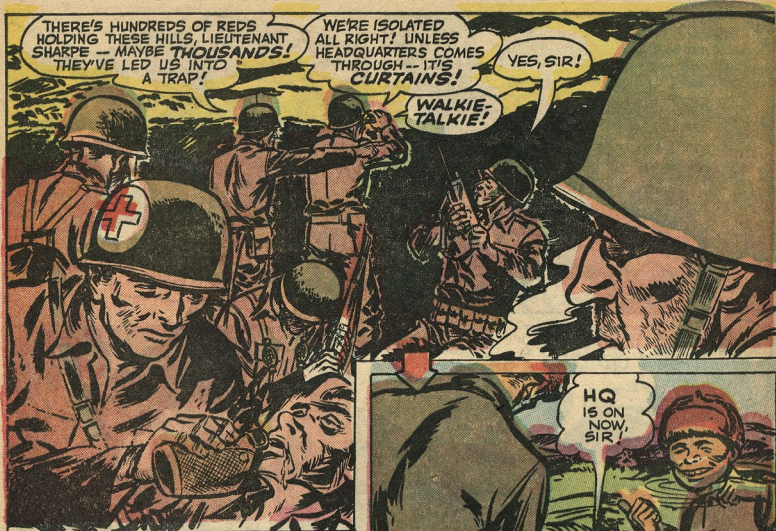
THE OTHER YANKS WERE OUT TO KILL REDS, BUT CORPSMAN BOB RUSH HAD ORDERS TO SAVE ONE!



A GI IS HIT! ALMOST BEFORE HIS BUDDY CAN UTTER A CALL FOR HELP -- HELP IS THERE, IN THE PERSON OF MEDICAL CORPSMAN BOB RUSH!



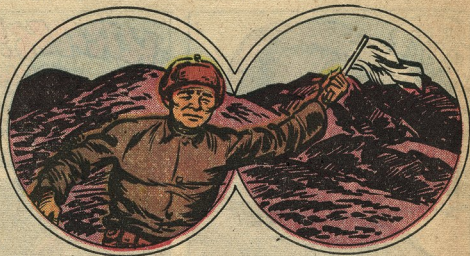
AND SO WITH EACH SUCCESSIVE CALL FOR HELP, THE MEDIC ADVANCES WITH THE VERY POINT OF THE YANK ATTACK. HOURS LATER, BOB RUSH HAS FOLLOWED THE GI'S FAR, FAR INTO ENEMY-HELD TERRITORY. AND THEN...



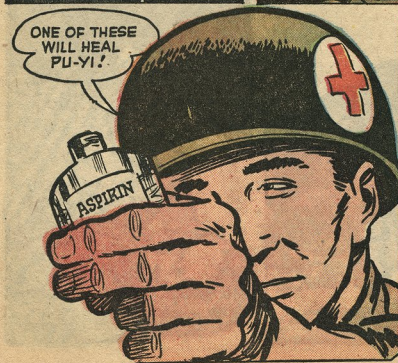
HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED, THEIR AMMO DWINDLING -- THE TRAPPED YANKS REALIZE DESTRUCTION IS IMMINENT. THE RED AVALANCHE IS ABOUT TO ENGULF THEM!



WITH THEIR REMAINING ROUNDS, THE GI'S DRAW A BEAD ON THE RED LEADER. THEN...



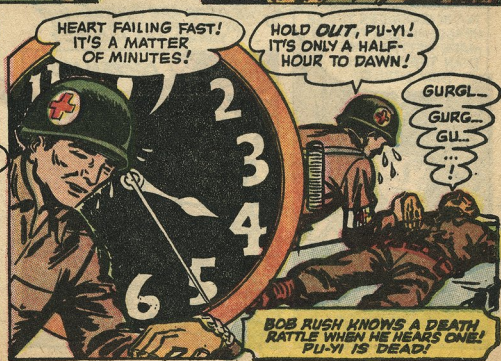






TEMPERATURE RISING!

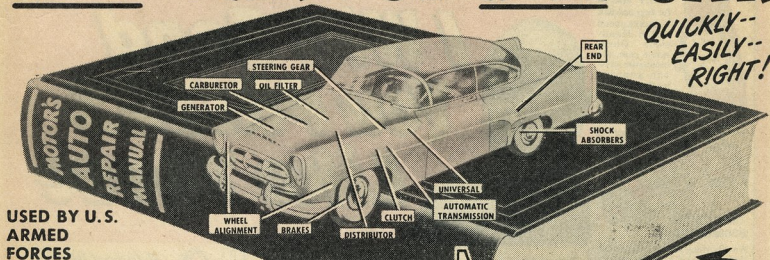
SO THE ORDEAL BEGINS. THROUGH WEARY MINUTES AND WEARIER HOURS, PU-YI SINKS. THE MEDIC CAN ONLY WAIT, AND HOPE!





HOW TO FIX

Brakes, Clutches, Transmissions, Rear Ends, Carburetors—Yes, ANY PART OF ANY CAR



USED BY U.S.
ARMED
FORCES

**NOW—Whether You're a Beginner or an Expert Mechanic
—You Can "Breeze Through" ANY AUTO REPAIR JOB!
MOTOR'S BIG BRAND-NEW AUTO REPAIR MANUAL Shows
You HOW—With 2950 PICTURES AND SIMPLE
STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS.**

Free 7-DAY TRIAL
Return and Pay Nothing
If Not Satisfied!

COVERS EVERY JOB ON EVERY CAR BUILT FROM 1940 THRU 1954

YES, it's easy as A-B-C to do any "fix-it" job on any car whether it's a simple carburetor adjustment or a complete overhaul. Just look up the job in the index of MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL. Turn to pages covering job. Follow the clear, illustrated step-by-step instructions. Presto—the job is done!

No guesswork! MOTOR'S Manual takes nothing for granted. Tells you where to start. What tools to use. Then it leads you easily and quickly through the entire operation!

Over 2,950 Pictures! So Complete, So Simple, You CAN'T Go Wrong!

BRAND-NEW REVISED Edition covers everything you need to know to repair over 685 chassis models. **ONE THOUSAND** giant pages, 2,950 "This-Is-How" pictures. Over 292 "Quick-Check" charts—more than 22,598 essential repair specifications. Over 225,000 service and repair facts. Instructions and pictures are so clear you can't go wrong!

Even a green beginner mechanic can do a good job with this giant manual before him. And if you're a top-notch

mechanic, you'll find short-cuts that will amaze you. No wonder this guide is used by the U. S. Army and Navy! No wonder hundreds of thousands of men call it the "Auto Repair Man's Bible!"

Meat of Over 140 Official Shop Manuals

Engineers from every automobile plant in America worked out these time-saving procedures for their own motor car line. Now the editors of MOTOR have gathered together this wealth of "Know-How" from over 140 Official Shop Manuals, "boiled it down" into

crystal-clear terms in one handy indexed book!

Try Book FREE 7 Days

SEND NO MONEY! Just mail coupon! When the postman brings book, pay him nothing. First, make it show you what it's got! Unless you agree this is the greatest time-saver and work-saver you've ever seen — return book in 7 days and pay nothing. Mail coupon today! Address: **MOTOR Book Dept., Desk 39H, 250 West 55th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.**

Covers 685 Models—All These Makes

Buick	Frazer	Nash Rambler
Cadillac	Henry J	Oldsmobile
Chevrolet	Hudson	Packard
Chrysler	Kaiser	Plymouth
Crosley	Lincoln	Pontiac
De Soto	Mercury	Studebaker
Dodge	Nash	Willys
Ford		



Many Letters of Praise from Users
"MOTOR'S Manual paid for itself on the first 2 jobs, and saved me valuable time by eliminating guesswork."
—W. SCHROP, Ohio.

He Does Job in 30 Min.—Fixed motor another mechanic had worked on half a day with Your Manual I did it in 30 minutes."
—C. AUBERRY, Tenn.



MAIL COUPON NOW FOR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL

MOTOR BOOK DEPT.

Desk 39H, 250 W. 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Rush me at once (check box opposite book you want):

☐ **MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL, If O.K., I will** remit \$2 in 7 days, \$2 monthly for 2 months and a final payment of 95c (plus 35c delivery charges) one month after that. Otherwise I will return the book postpaid in 7 days (Foreign price, remit \$9 cash with order.)

☐ **MOTOR'S New TRUCK & TRACTOR REPAIR MANUAL, If O.K., I will** remit \$2 in 7 days, and \$2 monthly for 3 months, plus 35c delivery charges with final payment. Otherwise I will return book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$10 cash with order.)

Print Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Check box and save 35c shipping charge by enclosing with coupon entire payment of \$6.95 for Auto Repair Manual (or \$8 for Truck and Tractor Repair Manual.) Same 7-day return-refund privilege applies.



Big 4-Bat TABLE TENNIS SET

Official size set with 4 Bats, 2 Balls, net, posts and rules of play. All you need for the game of Doubles or Singles.



GRALETT WRIST WATCH
For Boys and Girls
A guaranteed watch. Handsome Chromium case, unbreakable crystal, genuine leather strap. This attractive wrist watch is given without cost.

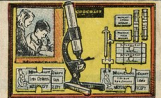


COMPLETE WOODBURNING SET
Woodburning Set contains 3 metal tips, 8 wood plaques, metallic foil, palette, brush. Guaranteed, with complete instructions.



Official Size • Official-Weight BASKETBALL

Sturdy valve-type ball. For indoor or outdoor use.



Complete MICROSCOPE OUTFIT

A precision-built Microscope Outfit. Has 60 power optical lens, slide glass and specimens. Don't miss this great outfit.



AIR CHAMP RADIO KIT

A genuine crystal radio. Build it. Use it. Listen to your favorite radio program.



RANGER AXE 'N' KNIFE KIT

An all-purpose Axe 'n' Knife Kit in double leather belt sheath. Axe and knife made of tough carbon steel. Great for outdoors.



"JET SWISHER" A Ready-to-Fly Jet Airplane

Nothing to build. Just attach wings, light fuse and away it goes. Flies 500 ft. high. Comes complete with engine and jet fuel.



FULL SIZE UKULELE

plus Arthur Godfrey's famous "push button" player. Both given with complete instruction and song booklet.

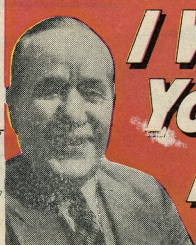


OVER 70 GREAT PRIZES TO CHOOSE FROM

Those shown here plus Walkie Talkie, Walking Doll, Two-Gun Holster Set, Pocket Watch, Simplex Typewriter, Football, Dresser Set, Daisy Training Rifle, Pearls, Knapsack, Roller Skates, Moccasin Kit, Pup Tent, Rhinestone Necklace, Sports Kit, Electric Jeep, Phonograph Records, Jr. Guitar, Printing Press, Shoulder Strap Bag, Boomerangs, Bird Clock, Umbrella, Camp "Cookit" Kit, Electric Games, many more.

Send Coupon for Free Prize Book

I'M "UNCLE" HARRY



I Will Send You PRIZES Like These

WITHOUT ONE CENT OF COST

I have been helping boys and girls get prizes and earn money for 36 years. Shown here are just a few of the wonderful Prizes you can get without a cent of cost for selling my famous Christmas Packs. Any of these prizes or your choice of over 50 others shown in my Free Prize Book are given for selling just one order of 24 Christmas Packs at 25c a pack. Many boys and girls sell the Packs in one day and get their prizes at once.

Hurry—Be First in Your Neighborhood

It's easy to sell these Christmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each Pack contains 4 Christmas Cards, 4 Envelopes and 32 Sparkling Christmas Seals—40 pieces for 25c—a big value. They're so gay and bright—they sell on sight. When sold, send me the money and choose your prize from my Free Prize Book. Or, keep \$2.00 in cash for each 24 pack order you sell.

Send No Money—I Trust You

Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope to AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 3, LANCASTER, PENNA.

Read What Wiley Johnson (Age 9) Says:

"Boy, when I look at all the prizes I got... a sports kit, axe and knife set, cookit set, knapsack, kombo knife, flashlight and front rifle, I can hardly believe it. Everybody liked your cards; I sold six orders in less than two weeks."



Here is What Maude Scott Says:

"It is fun and easy to sell your Christmas Packs. Everyone really liked them and they sold fast. I have orders for more. The prizes... and the extra money came in handy, too."

CHEM-CRAFT CHEMISTRY SET

Amaze your friends with "Chemical Magic." You can perform eye-opening feats of chemical magic with this exciting new Chemcraft Chemistry Set. Magic book and instructions included free.



Professional Type Junior Archery Set

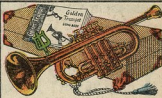


A great outfit that contains powerful 54-inch Bow, 4 feathered Arrows, Target face and complete instructions.

ACRO FLASH CAMERA with Film



This swell outfit includes Camera, Flash Gun and free Film. Has Graf Lens. Takes pictures black and white or color. Makes beautiful enlargements.



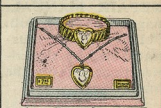
Here it is—THE GOLDEN TRUMPET

Heavy gold-plated, over 13" long. Play bugle calls, marches and songs without lessons. Case and instructions included.



PRETTY TRAVEL CASE

Overnight Case with removable tray. Has mirror, lock and key.



GOLD-PLATED LOCKET SET

Pretty necklace with matching expansion bracelet, both gold plated. Each locket opens and holds two photographs.

MAIL THIS—Send No Money

"Uncle" Harry Bard, AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
DEPT. 3, LANCASTER, PENNA.

Please send me your BIG PRIZE BOOK and one order of 24 Christmas Packs. I will resell them at 25c each, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____